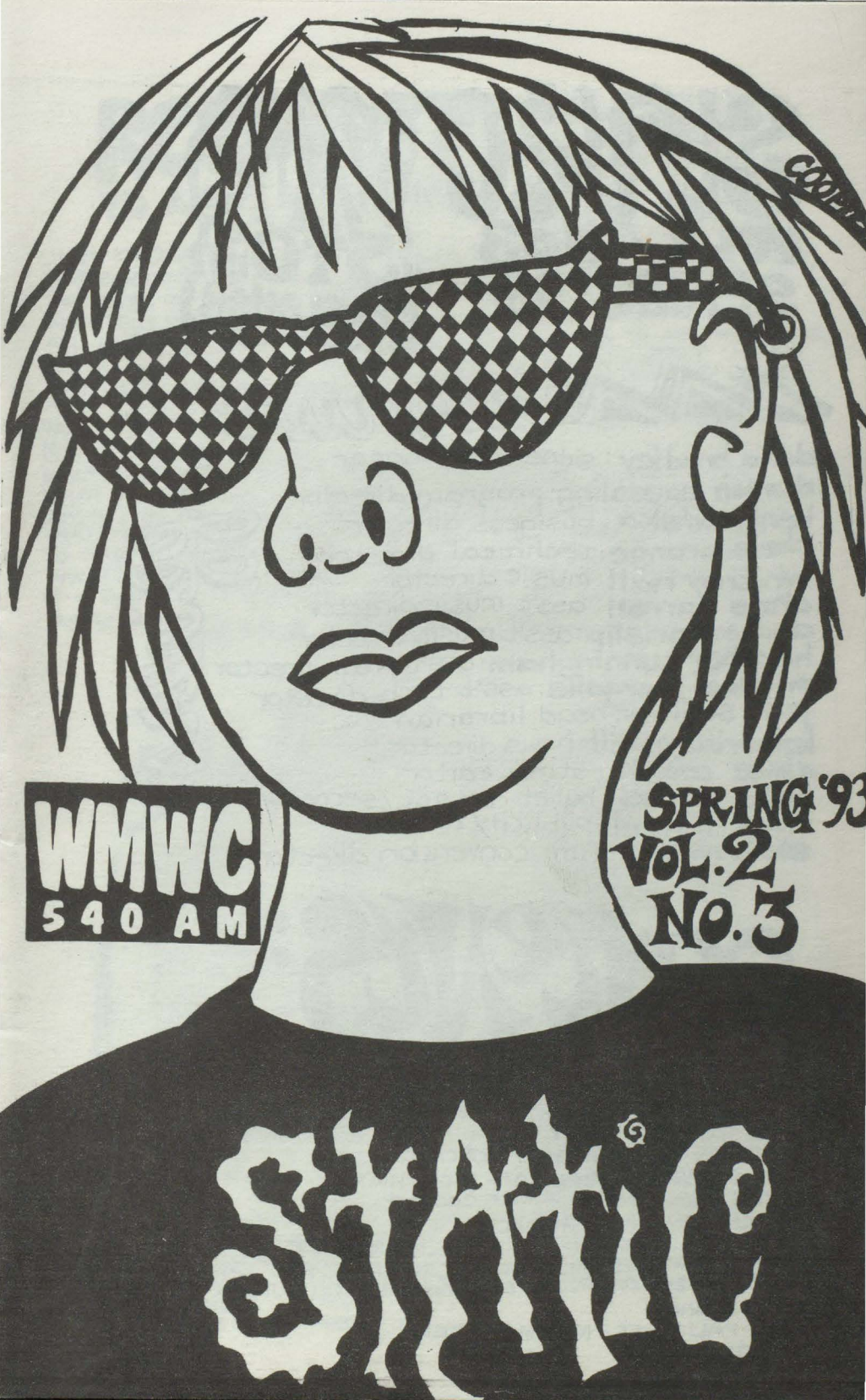




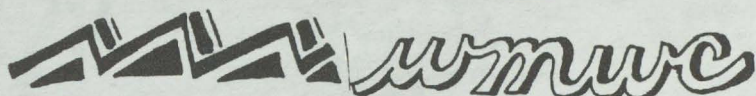
WMWC
540 AM

SPRING '93
VOL. 2
No. 3

Static ^G

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RESPECT TO ALL MY PEOPLES

MANY PEOPLE HAVE COME UP TO ME AND SAID, "AIMEE, WHEN IS STATIC COMING OUT?" MY REPLY, -- "SHUTUP! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M WORKING AS HARD AS I CAN?!"

JUST KIDDING OF COURSE. I ALWAYS SMILE GRACIOUSLY AND CHIME, "ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY!" MY SINCERE REGRETS ON THE TARDINESS OF THIS ISSUE. YOU THINK I'M HAPPY IT TOOK SO LONG? SINCE THIS IS STATIC'S ONLY ISSUE, I WANTED IT TO BE GOOD, AND ALL IN ALL I THINK IT TURNED OUT O.K. THANKS TO ALL WHO WROTE, ESPECIALLY THOSE OF YOU WHO CONTRIBUTED REGULARLY -- NATHAN BORCHERT, JAMIE WASSERMAN & MARK FRITZEL. ALL WHO WROTE AND HELPED ARE BEAUTIFUL HIP PEOPLE. WITHOUT YOU I WOULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING. THANK YOU AND NUMEROUS HIGH FIVES TO YOU ALL.

NEXT YEAR WILL BRING NEW BLOOD TO THE WMWC STAFF. WHAT DO YOU WANT? A NEW MIXING BOARD? BETTER MUSIC SERVICE? WMWC IN THE EAGLES' NEST? FM CABLE? NEW EQUIPMENT? ALL THAT & MORE COULD BE IN STORE... BUT WMWC NEEDS YOUR HELP TO MAKE IT HAPPEN. SO GET UP, GET INTO IT, GET INVOLVED & HELP WMWC ROCK THE WORLD! KEEP STATIC ALIVE! THANK YOU. IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE SERVING YOU THIS YEAR.
PEACE.

Aimee Cooper

Sublist

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FUGAZI

WITH CORAL AND SLANT 6

THE FLOOD ZONE, RICHMOND

FEBRUARY 21, 1993

Damien Haussling, WMWC's program director

Opening for Fugazi were Coral and Slant 6. Slant 6 (formerly Autoclave) is a band of three women playing guitar, bass, and drums. The crowd practically ignored them. These women have real potential though. It seemed that they were unsure of themselves in their stage presence and the bassist even apologized, "I'm sorry but I just seem to keep fucking up tonight." On a good night these women are bound to be headlining their own shows really soon.

Coral, a band of four men: caterwauling, guitar, bass, and drums, was and eye/ear sore to the bill. The music didn't even sound that good and the set just went on and on with each sounding more like the previous as their set progressed (or maybe I mean digressed). Now, I admit that I have no singing talent whatsoever, but this "singer" paid more attention to his cigarette than anything else. It certainly never occurred to him that he should sing or even keep up with his band. If you buy a ticket and these guys are one of the openers, don't bother to show up for them, stay out, have a beer, and then go to the show.

Fugazi. All these years of waiting seemed worth it. They opened their show with an angry complaint. They didn't like the fact that persons under 21 at the show were forced to pay an extra dollar, since they wouldn't be drinking. They arranged it so that those who wanted their money could get a refund after the show.

Fugazi's sound didn't seem the best and it wasn't as powerful as I had expected. But they did not disappoint as they ripped through all of their biggies. The band even did a couple of new songs from their upcoming album which will be released soon. These guys will be rocking for years to come, and I can't wait to see them again.

INSPIRAL CARPETS

WITH SUNCREEM

9:30 CLUB

FEBRUARY 14, 1993

Allison Pascluto and Julie Reilly, WMWC deejays

It was Valentine's Day, and instead of doing some hideously sappy thing, we decided to hop in the car and head to D.C. When we arrived at the 9:30 clubs, we waited at the entrance, along with the members of the opening band, Suncreem, to get in. After being accosted for extra tickets and acid, we made it to the front of the stage.

The seven members of Suncreem were crowded on the small stage, but cramped conditions were forgotten once the music started. They played five or six highly danceable tunes including their single "make Me Love You More." Their energetic performance was amazing and the end of their set came too soon for us.

After a semi-lengthy set change, Inspiral Carpets took the stage. They began with "Generations" and continued with many songs off their new album, *Revenge of the Goldfish*. Their hit single "Two Worlds Collide" sent the crowd into a frenzy. The moshers were quickly subdued by the Carpets' keyboardist who remarked, "We're not from Seattle, you know." They closed off the show with a version of Soft Cell's "Tainted Love," a great ending to a fantastic show.

For you Inspiral Carpets fans don't forget to check out "Revenge of the Goldfish," and you newer Carpet-ees take a listen to "Life" or "The Beast Inside" to get a feeling for what this Manchester quintet is about. Tom Hingley's vocals along with Craig Gill's Drums, Martyn Walsh's rippling bass, Graham Lambert's sometimes jangly and other times hard edged guitar create a distinctive and brilliant sound. If you ever have the opportunity to see them in concert, do it -- it's an experience you'll kick yourself in the head for missing.

TSUNAMI

WITH SMALL FACTORY AND VERSUS

CLUB 15 MIN.

JANUARY 11, 1993

Almee Cooper, Static editor

Versus was the first band, and they were pretty good. They seem to be along the new strain of d.c. punk pop which includes Mays and Whori. Definitely a band to look for.

Small Factory stole the show. This trio is originally from Providence, R.I. (I overheard that in a record store one time, I don't know if it's true). With a healthy stage presence and plenty of talent, Small Factory's set was short, but satisfying. They played favorites such as "Hey Lucille" and "What to Want" in their set, as their bickered amongst themselves and swilled the bar's special Tsunami Shooters. Small Factory proves that folksy punk-inspired rock-n-roll doesn't have to be outdated over used music from the 60ties or imitate R.E.M. They're original without being obscure, familiar without being dull.

Tsunami could have put on a better show. Their songs all seemed to kind of drag and the singing was kind of lifeless. Maybe we should just tell Toomey and Thompson to stick to the label work, but I don't think that would be satisfying for either the audience or them. It is a relief to finally see a band with women who don't feel like they have to emulate men or act like ultra-feminine ditzes. Their straightforward style, thoughtful lyrics provide something into the indie music scene that has been missing for quite awhile. Though this show could have been better, I only hope that Tsunami continues to keep on doing what they're doing.

UNREST

WITH BLAST-OFF COUNTRY STYLE AND JOHNNY COHEN

SOMETIME IN JANUARY AT THE 9:30 CLUB

Almee Cooper, Static editor

Some people are content with bands on the major labels that act like they're making some kind of statement as they laugh and steal your money. If you like that, fine, keep on going to Lollapaloozers, but I'll take indie label camp and absurdity anyway, although I'd prefer not to take it at the 9:30 club.

Teenbeat is a local indie label founded by D.C.'s pop icon Mark E. Robinson which provides the humor, absurdity, and joyfulness that is missing in so much of today's music. The evening's selection of Teenbeat entrees was suitably eclectic. Blast-Off Country Style was as silly as the name sounds. It was like the Brady Bunch meets the B-52's: the groups two females donned brightly colored mindresses, while the men wore silver lamee shirts and cowboy hats. It was.... different. They did cheerful nonsensical and harmless songs such as "I Really Like You But You Better Change Your Ways Bitch", "Social Firefly", and "Boy Girl Naked Squirrel." They weren't big on talent, but they were at least open about it and their gimmicks were hardly subtle - like the robot who got up from the crowd and danced with them.

Johnny Cohen on the other hand was inexplicable. Picture a balding, nervous looking man chanting songs in a deep very limited low range. With songs like "Addicted to Chapstick", and "Maniac Laugh" Johnny Cohen rattled off his psychotic lyrics with deadpan seriousness. Confused at first, the crowd decided to join in on his later songs and ask for more at the end of his set.

Unrest is a band who can put out a good album but are not renown for putting on great shows. This was one of their finer performances, featuring most of the songs from their latest hit album, Imperial. They opened with the title track from that album, but through the course of their show they incorporated older songs such as "Teenage Suicide" and "Christina." Mark Robinson wiggled about on stage and looked so sweet and innocent, as only Mark Robinson can. The crowd wiggled about with him as he played the highly energetic tunes as "Suk", "Yes She Is My Skinhead Girl", "Bavarian Mode" and "Cherry Cream On." Bassist Brigit Cross displayed her vocal talent on slower songs like "June." Despite the crowded conditions, Unrest did good, and I'm sure he made many new fans that evenings, and reaffirmed the old ones.

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND

OR-- AN "EXISTENTIAL" READING OF CYPRESS HILL

Of all the forms of music offered by WMWC, it seems that none has received such a vocal opposition as rap. When the Music Director put up the request board last semester, request for more rap music (an area where WMWC's selection is noticeably thin) were greeted with hateful responses from other d.j.'s. Surely these comments were put forth by a vocal few, but the very nature of the responses were unsettlingly negative.

This sentiment certainly is not limited to WMWC. I recently saw a Seacobeck suggestion slip that politely requested that "Jungle Music" no longer be played in the Rose Room. "Jungle Music", I assume, means rap. To my knowledge, the Rose Room has not been providing its patrons with the sounds of the indigenous rain forest peoples. The Rose Room's enlightened response was "from now on only Top 40 music will be played in the Rose Room." As if rap wasn't in the Top 40 anyway.

A third example of how Mary Washington students seem to look upon rap music with disgust was a short piece on "Exclusive Art" in the latest Polemic. In this article, an anonymous MWC student decries the critical attention rap lyrics have been getting lately.

What does this all mean? People seem relatively tolerant of screaming guitar fury and mad metal vomit, punk rock, techno or (god forbid) pop music of the eighties. Rap, on the other hand, is the object of much hatred and resentment. Why does rap seem to rub a raw nerve in so many people, as opposed to equally popular forms of music?

It is tempting to chalk up all these anti rap sentiments to good old fashioned racism. Then I could make the bold and sweeping statement that racism is bad, and the people who don't like rap are racist, therefore it is morally and ethically wrong to dislike rap music. That would be foolish. The thing is, a lot of non-black people like rap too. In fact, people of varying shades like rap. Not all white people who like rap are your die hard liberal crowd either. They're not going around liking rap because it's the "politically correct" thing to do. Not all black people like rap, either. Rap attracts a wide audience of varying socioeconomic, racial and educational backgrounds. Nonetheless, rap has equally vocal and determined enemies who seek to discredit the art form at every opportunity.

Unquestionably, epithets such as "jungle music" are racially based and intended to be degrading. Such comments show great ignorance of the topic they claim to assess, as do most racial slurs. First of all, Rap is American music. It grew out of a variety of distinctly American genres; rhythm and blues, funk, soul, and even disco. It is heavily indebted to American musicians and performers such as James Brown, George Clinton, the Ohio Players, Sly and the Family Stone, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye and many others. Rap, like the styles that influences it, is a uniquely American form of music. It owes little to Africa except for maybe what it inherited in its origin of origins.

Rap's content, as well as its form, grew out of an American social setting. Though a lot of early rap deals with the "party people," there developed another strain of socially conscious rap in the early days. Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five directly address the problems of the American City in such songs as "The Message" and "New York New York." From the outset, rap was concerned with American society, specifically Black people in American cities. It was created by Americans for Americans, albeit a disenfranchised minority in America -- but Americans nonetheless.

Non-American rap groups don't really hold their own, because rap is an American phenomenon. Few Europeans really "get" what rap is about -- that German guy, J. or that guy Jesse Jaymes. A few English people can pull it off; Monty Love and Neneh Cherry, for example. But non-Western rap groups seem particularly absurd. Groups like Zimbabwe Legit don't seem quite right. Rap makes little sense outside of an American environment. It has nothing to do with jungles, little to do with Africa, or even non-Western culture. It is even kind of depressing to think of Africans conforming to another American artistic convention, when they have a proud culture that dated back before the U.S. was even conceived. It doesn't seem right. Whoever said rap was Jungle music is ignorant. As Chuck D. would say, "Get your shit correct."

The latest Polemic ran an article by an individual who berated rap as non-literary and unworthy of serious critical attention. I'm not trying to say that all rap lyrics are worthy

of being called "literature," but the comments found in the Polemic were certainly made by a misinformed individual. Every art form has its critics. Vis-a-vis rap, those concerned with music will contend that looped samples and beats are not music. Those concerned with literature will contend that rap music is not literature. The same thing was said about every emerging form of music or literature in the history of Western culture. The people who like the old stuff don't like the new stuff, and claim that it is corrupting the youth and degrading the culture. Then the old people die. Then the new stuff becomes the old stuff and the process repeats itself.

The Polemic writer's argument is essentially a lot of garbage. First, the author contends that rap fails as literature because it does not say anything new. When was the last new idea you've read in conventional art, music or literature? Western culture has been kicking around the same ideas since the first writer picked up a pen. Life is hard. We want to have sex/to be loved. We don't want to die. These are the same basic topics that all literature deals with from the Greeks to Keats to Eliot to (insert name of academically revered writer/poet here). Rap deals with these topics, too. No literature has ever expressed anything new, it just finds new, more meaningful ways of expressing the old ideas. It puts these same ideas in a new context that is accessible to its audience. It gives the old ideas new names and settings. Art is not required to say anything new, and it is doubtful that it ever has. Art is more about coming up with new ways to express those recurring themes and problems of human nature. Rap certainly deals with these themes. Rap is a genre, then, that is meaningful to its audience, and expresses ideas in a new way. Compare this to the accessibility of today's so-called literary poetry. It certainly doesn't sell like rap does. Genres that are no longer meaningful to wide audiences fall out of practice. That's why no one writes epics anymore.

As for the charge that "rap is just a lot of complaining," the writer would do well to reconsider the bulk of Western literature. Find me a happy writer. People are not happy, that's why they write poetry. Petrarch didn't write all those sonnets to Laura just because he liked her a lot. He was upset because he couldn't have her. How about Keats? He's stumbling and falling on the thorns of life and bleeding for gosh sakes. Not a happy guy. Oedipus is definitely not an upbeat story. Cursing Fortune and all that. Just about everyone is complaining, and that is the very fact why we read literature. We can experience other people's problems while forgetting about our own. Would anyone bother to read poetry if it wasn't a bunch of complaining? Would anyone bother to keep reading it.

It sounds like the author needs to take a dose of her own medicine. She laments that "people don't like artistic things and they don't have much experience analyzing things artistically so they don't get things and they don't want to take time to figure out what things mean and stuff." This statement undermines the writer's whole argument. If you're so smart, why don't you learn how to look at rap artistically so you can figure out what it means "and stuff."

Here's an example. According to the Polemic writers criteria, Camus' *The Stranger* is a deplorable work of literature. Talk about shock tactics, obscenity, clichés! We bourgeois should be outraged by this book! Incidentally, can you imagine the state of literature if no one ever tried to shock their audience? We'd be in a bit of a rut by now. For you phillistines out there, *The Stranger* is about a guy named Meursault who likes to drink and have meaningless sex and does not respect his mother. One day Meursault finds himself with a gun in his hand and he shoots an Arab on the beach. Meursault has no motive, and he feels no remorse for what he's done. He goes to prison and is executed and he does not care because life is absurd and meaningless anyway.

Our friend Meursault is not too different than the personas of many rap songs. Compare that with the lyrics of Cypress Hill:

Sawed off shotgun
Hand on the pump
Left hand on the forty
Puffin on a blunt
Pump my shotgun
The nigga didn't jump
Lalalalalalala

-from *Hand on the Pump*

This is just a chorus, not an entire text. Also since *The Stranger* is prose and *Hand on the Pump* is poetry, it is rather incongruous to compare them except in subject matter. Formal differences aside, is one text any less shocking and obscene than another? Is one text any less philosophically profound and disturbing? Which is the more "literary" expression of violence, futility and absurdity in the modern world? Can we dismiss Camus' text because we can't dance to it? Can we dismiss Cypress Hill's text because we can't

ON THE TOWN

WITH WMWC

CORRESPONDENT ROCKY DIAZ

Being tourists we had heard but were not consciously aware of the atmosphere of celebration which dominates Greenwich Village every Halloween. New York City's Halloween parade doesn't border on chaos to the degree that one would expect, however, the event in many ways mirrors New Orleans' Mardi Gras due to the many costumes, blocked-off streets, and large amounts of booze in the hands of public revelers. In other words it was my kinda scene. We caught the tail end of the parade yet continued to drink hard on the streets of the dirty city for several hours following the parade's end with the thousands of new friends we acquired that night. Around midnight my associate and I made the roughly 20 block trek east to the Bowery area, our destination" CBGB's. There we first encountered the Action Swingers: former members of Sonic Youth and Pussy Galore. After their set we rapped with the band long enough to get the name of their record label and management company. We left CBGB's and headed back toward the village, still looking for some action yet ever enthralled by the harmonic melodies of the Action Swingers. It was one o'clock A.M.

We had just left the Bowery when I was struck with a felling that urged immediate attention.. I soon found an adequate place to relieve myself (which is no simple task in NY) while my associate ducked into a deli and purchased some more beer. While waiting for me on the corner, my associate was approached by a tall, strange looking fellow who appeared to be from elsewhere. "Do you like Deep Purple?" he asked my comrade in a French tongue.

"Sure."

"Do you like Cream?"

"Yeah."

"Then you like my band. We 'Deep Jimi and the Zep Creams." At this point I walked up only to find that this bizarre foreigner was drinking my beer; however, I didn't mind for I was never partial to Olde English 800.

We talked to our new friend and found out that his name was Julius and that he was the drummer for Deep Jimi and the Zep Creams, a band from Iceland on a four month visa to America. They had been here two months entirely in NYC. My comrade and I decided to get this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

For The Record

Nathan Borchelt

I love music. That is just something that I have always felt. I love the power and the passion in the notes, the messages in the lyrics. I love it. But something about the music scene is really starting to piss me off.

For as long as I can remember, the music that I have always liked had been music that other people thought was just noise, had no meaning and was just too darn loud. This lack of popularity was never a problem for me, nor was it a problem for anyone else. I have my music, you have your music. Everyone is happy.

But recently my area of musical interest has strangely found itself to the top of the pop charts. Whether it is because the band change their style to a more accessible one or because other people are waking up to the true power of the music is not for me to say. I do not mind a band's success, even though some of the magic is lost after hearing the same song endlessly in any form. That is not a problem for me. It just distresses me to see all these new fans adamantly proclaiming their love for a band after hearing only one song on the radio, or even worse, one video from MTV.

A weekend past, I was at a party (yes, this socially dysfunctional recluse does indeed go out at times) and one of the Spin Doctors hits was playing. I looked over to my friend, who was shaking his head as he looked over the dancing crowd. "How long have you liked this band?" I asked. "Two, two and a half years." He replied. "They're rich now."

And it is true. The success of a band does not, however, ruin the musical talent that got them there. There is something to be said for maintaining the punk rock credo of obscurity, but then a band's musical message just reached the same crowds who have heard it before. I am not criticizing bands for taking advantage of their newfound success and achieving some financial stability. (Bands like Fugazi who have resisted the industrial draw are to be commended though.)

The bands that I have always liked do not play for money or success. They play because they like to, because they have to. They would be doing what they are doing with or without success; their success is just an added bonus (and sometimes a curse). It is also a sign that their musical voice is being heard and hopefully understood.

The criticism I have, though is for all the new fans that have suddenly become fans of the music I have always liked, loved, and associated myself with. It is fine that more people realize that my music is more than just noise, but they also have to understand that the band did not just spontaneously appear on the pop charts without previous existence. Nirvana is a prime example. Believe it or not, they have more than one album.

A night past on the Grammys, the Red Hot Chili Peppers won a Grammy for something or another (I am not interested in the awards

personally). I am happy to see their success, but it distresses me to think that most of the people who got them on the stage do not even know that they have more than just "Give It Away" and "Under the Bridge." They have gone through a lot, both musically and personally, to reach the point that they are now at, a point, perhaps that they never truly wanted but accepted anyway. Hell, after five albums, two e.p.'s and endless shows; success was destined to happen sooner or later.

Both Nirvana and RHCP have recently released compilations of their older hits on new albums (*Incesticide* and *What Hits?* respectively) to show their newfound fans their musical range and also to perhaps show that there is more to them than "Smells Like Teen Spirit" and "Breaking the Girl."

If you like these bands, fine. If you do not, I am not pretentious enough to argue musical aesthetics with you. Whatever makes you happy. But if you like a band, make sure you know what you are talking about when you profess to liking them. There is a lot of good music out there that exists independent of the pop charts. Inform yourself of that fact.

For those of you who liked such bands of obscurity before their success and now dislike them because of it: Wake Up! Just because their songs are played on the radio does not mean that they sold out. Some of the magic is gone, certainly, but the talent and musical vision that attracted you to them is still there if you are willing to listen for it.

Paranoid

The walls are closing in
Again.
I hear their voices laughing.
Rasping like crows,
Like bones.
My closets rustle fitfully --
A hundred suited men,
Listening to every heartbeat
Every breath...
I will suffocate.

Nicki Hutnick

FLIPPER RESURFACES

"REBIRTH OF THE FISH"

AIMEE COOPER

Flipper has been reborn. Once they were an intoxicated and defiantly impetuous force in American punk rock. Now they are a band of thugs trying to recapture a hectic past with a sober face.

Fish puns and the wall of sound aside, **AMERICAN GRAFISHY**, Flipper's latest output, is a punk band's attempt to deal with the past and forge ahead into the future. All things shall come to pass, and Flipper should have let the past keep on passing. Better not to dig up dead fish. You know what I'm saying?

Flipper is a band with a past. Founded in 1979, they played clubs in San Francisco and soon they were popular with the youth, though not so popular with club owners. The current so-called "grunge" scene owes a lot to Flipper and their drunken culture of self-destructive social commentary. The generic **ALBUM**, **GONE FISHIN'**, and **SEX BOMB BABY** are albums that have come to take their place in the hearts and minds of rock stars making a lot of dough today. Didn't you see Kurt Cobain wearing his FLIPPER t-shirt on Saturday Night Live? Need I say more? Flipper never made a lot of money; their albums got limited distribution--that was back when underground music was really underground.

The band stopped recording in 1987, when lyricist and bassist Will Shatter died of a drug overdose. Oddly, the band seems to want to neglect to mention this fact. There is no mention of Shatter in the credits, liner notes or text of this album--save for a song called "Full Speed Ahead," which is presumably in memoriam of Shatter's self-destructive life. In fact, the band's bio from the **ROIR** session album fails to mention Shatter's untimely death either. The quirky, drunken, and downright obnoxious lyrics which helped Flipper gain their popularity were the work of Will Shatter. It seems that when they lost Shatter, they lost that inebriated yet profound chaos which defined Flipper. In **AMERICAN GRAFISHY**, they have not regained it.

Many of the lyrics on this album have to do with moving on and getting over the past. Ironically, it is evident that this is something the band members cannot do:



Now if tomorrow didn't come
And yesterday had no past
You would blow your mind right away
'Cause now is a concept few can grasp.



-from "We're Not Crazy"

I don't know whether to laugh or cry. They were definitely funnier

~ FLIPPER, CONTINUED ~

when they were incoherent. If you want to move on, guys, why not start a new band? Think up a new name? Get a job? Be bold and foolish enough to mention that a member of your band died. To gloss over Will Shatter's death seems so self-serving. Does Flipper really need to cash in on the fact that they've inspired a new generation of punk rockers, only to betray themselves in the process? Do they really think they can reclaim what's rightfully theirs? Why would they want to?

It seems that Flipper does not have the tenacity to pay tribute to their late lyricist, vocalist, and bassist. Compare this to the surviving members of the Minutemen, who had the integrity to form a new band (Firetose), to no longer play any Minutemen songs, and to dedicate their first three albums to d. boone, who died in a car crash in 1985. Flipper writes a song (perhaps the kind of song Will Shatter would like to have written about him) called "Full Speed Ahead." It is probably the most Flipper-esque song on the album. It is the simplest, funniest, and most honest song on **AMERICAN GRAFISHY**.

In most of their other songs, the weight of the world is riding heavily on the fins of Flipper, but their social commentary is heavy-handed and humorless. They seem to have a great disdain for the so-called alternative scene of today. I don't begrudge them this, but do they have to be so dull about it? Remember when the drunken slam-dancers got really violent and started beating up little kids in the pit, & Will Shatter got really angry and extemporaneously changed the lyrics to "Ever." This was the kind of chaotic nonsense that people came to expect from Flipper. At the end of the recording, the club shuts off the amps and Shatter exchanges some words with the bully culprits, who were beating upon "little kids, fuckin' 14, 15 years old." The recording cuts off with a final truth that Flipper would do well to heed:

"And you are not a little kid. You are a fuckin' adult."

	SUNDAY ☼	MONDAY ☼	TUESDAY ☼	WEDNESDAY ☼
8 9 10	The Evolution of Irridescence	Slackitude DEFINED... two slackers with good taste KEV & BEN	BAG & STRAIGHT NAR ARONHT	Ja are
1 2	NOAH RISTAU TOM SCHROEDER JENNY BENDERY Disencouraged pur-purs section 1 ☼ ☺ CHERYL CHRISTMAN	Joyous Squirrel w/top	THE JAM SHOW	Dou J
1 2	They Might Be D.J.'s Beth & Sally	PURPZE HAZE ☼ the HANNUAL MANEUVAR	C. SCOTT ALLEN SMALL RODENTS -ON TOUR- 	M R w/UNCL PAB
3 4	BONNIE MORADI Disencouraged pur-purs section 2 ☼ ☺ MARIA DAVIN ☺	Scizophrenia or just two d's who don't know what to listen to... were Jason & Lou (sometimes)	TARA SMITH	D O EXP
5 6	CRASH AND BURN SITUATION WITH BRIAN DONAGHY ☼ WHITNEY HALL	Too Dark, Use Flash... (the show that goes one step beyond) MELISSA & CLAIRE	Meghan & Zoey 2 bitches ON THE BOX	Heather John 
7 8	KRYSTI ALBUS	A Couple o' Good Guys Rick Schetler and Derek M. Boltchee	R + M	no repe or I unre alter
9 10	THE DEAD AIR SHOW with your hostess ☼ SCARLETT ☼ stream of consciousness ☼ programming ☼	Michael and Andrew Show	THE UPSTAIRS ROOM DANA & NICKI	 MOD Songs
1 2	The DISCO Inferno		SPIRITUAL SPANK	

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
ne cher ble Sara strohm ther's radio E FESTER and snow is- orient op Amy er son Liz Lovern eat! pay \$1 million. please state Tracks on THE GATES SHOW RE s about church and fish	FROM THE GLORY DAYS with Kevin McAndrew THE STORM w/ the storm & the synth ULIE J M ARGOLIS MYBETH AL LEASURE Steph and the LOST DJ!!! Children of the ——— anti-altern- ative show music for CHAMELEONS Rafael MASARASSA	gen IN the MORNING (from the night before) smelly music for shed masses BS G.Q.R.ADIO THE ROCK AND ROLL SHOW the MIKE and DIANA show ROBERT JOHNSON BRYAN CAMPOS pale bullshit listeners present BURNED IN EFFRAY anarchic radio present DJ lice [the bi-lateral assault team] AMR/evolution	Steven Niska And the INVISIBLE BOY (AKA CG) When the hangover lifted ... w/ DONNA & JAME MOD O-FORMZ-O WILD TURKEY #8 BLUES SHOW w/ LEN ORNSTEIN Vital issues 'N' -stuff- w/ KERRY & HEATHER NEW-N-GRV OLD-N-CR WITH NEAL & JOHN THROUGH THE Never JOHN GABRIEL Radio For Crickets

Commentary

Nicki Hutnick

O.K., let's get this straight, I am not a political person by nature. I tend to avoid issues the way most people avoid going to the dentist, so it may seem strange for me to be the one taking a stand; but things are getting out of hand. What I'm talking about is this trend toward pseudo-intellectual liberalism. Don't get me wrong; I'm no arch-conservative, I think people have the right to express their opinions. I do have a problem with the people who complain incessantly, albeit eloquently, while taking no action about the situation *du jour*.

I don't know, maybe I'm strange, but I came to this school because it offered "solid liberal arts education." In my mind, this meant that the school was attempting to open students' minds to a diversity of concepts and beliefs, offering classes in Cultural Anthropology, Religions of India, Islamic Political Philosophy, and African Dance in the hopes of creating a class of "free thinking individuals." While this is a terrific idea, this is not what happened. I can't place the blame solely on the administration, though. It seems that a fair amount of students see these classes not as an opportunity to open their minds and gain more information, but rather as a chance to defend their already firmly entrenched beliefs and to pretend not to appreciate or need the education they are receiving.

Those individuals who find the need to point out every flaw in the system don't make it better for anyone else. They only make us resent the education we have received. I'm not saying they are always wrong, I'm glad that certain problems are being brought to light. It is the manner in which they are exposed that troubles me. While people are more than willing to expose the school's flaws both in the *Polemic* and the *Bullet* (with their names featured prominently), they seem to lack the guts to do anything about them. These thinkers are little more than rabble rousers -- all talk and no action. I bet that if they spent half the energy they devoted to whining actually talking to the administration and the Student Association, that a lot more would get done. And much of this free floating dissatisfaction would be eliminated.

I'm not saying that I have an unusually strong dedication to causes and a great rapport with the administration. That would be hypocritical. I'm neither blind nor stupid enough to claim that everything is perfect here. It's not. But we need to ask ourselves if we are really as oppressed as these students would have us believe. And if this is actually the case, then we need to ask ourselves what we plan to do about it. It's not good enough to go around with our hearts on our sleeves and our heads up our asses shouting, "Fuck the Establishment." This kind of statement unreasonable and ineffective. There is nothing wrong with making a protest, but word alone are empty.

THE 80's & the POP of the NEW

The eighties refuse to die. Milli Vanilli has reformed as "Rob and Fab," Madonna is still strutting around in her underwear, and Prince refuses to go away. But amidst the wreckage of so-called 90's "pop," are occasional reminders of what made the 80's so great. Simple Minds' **GLITTERING PRIZE** is a greatest-hits collection that encapsulates the years 1981-1992. This album is just a bitter reminder of how far today's pop world has deteriorated. This 12-track cd includes their smash single, "Don't You (Forget About Me)" from the teen-pop movie, The Breakfast Club. It also includes such classics as "Alive and Kicking," "Sanctify Yourself," "All the Things She Said," and "Someone, Somewhere in the Summertime" among others. There's nothing you haven't heard before; no cheesy tracks "only available on this greatest hits package." Just pure, soulful pop tunes that make you long for the days of Clash of the Titans lunchboxes, chocolate milk, and Shrinky Dinks.

While longing for 80's pop-like tunes, another album worthy of mention is the new 10,000 Maniacs' **OUR TIME IN EDEN**. This 13-track cd resumes the pop-with-a-message, quirky tunes, reminiscent of their album, **IN MY TRIBE**. Apart from the superb singles, "Candy Everybody Wants," and "These are Days," are the infectiously catchy tunes "Reckless," "Eden," and "Jezebel." Even the tracks that seem a little off are worth listening to, if only to soak up Natalie Merchant's rich, luscious voice. Die hard Maniac fans will want to get the cd single of "Candy" to hear Merchant tackle Morrissey's "Everyday Is Sunday" and R.E.M.'s "Don't Go Back to Rockville" with amazing success.

As long as groups like 10,000 Maniacs continue to make new albums and the Simple Minds continue to offer us dishes of their best selections, we might be able to survive the "achy breaky" 90's yet.

—JAMIE WASSERMAN

CYPRESS HILL, CONTINUED...

Rap texts are not any less layered in meaning or skillfully crafted than the accepted literature of academia. The key to understanding Cypress Hill's text is the throwaway line "Lalalalalalala." Cypress Hill could have written some more rhyming lines to the effect of "I don't care. I am a man of the city who is trying to assert his pride by killing and I feel no shame, no remorse. I have no concern or fear of the results of my actions. I have nothing to lose. This murdering that goes on every day is just a game, it is

child's play to me." Insidiously chanting "Lalalalalalala," is much more effective and far more subtle. If they came out and told us what they meant, it'd be an essay. It'd be B.D.P. It would give the information, but not the ambiguity, not the feeling. Unlike some rap (and some literature), Cypress Hill does not interpret their lyrics for us. We must listen and decide for ourselves. The fact that this text loops a sample from the song *Duke of Earl*, adds another layer of meaning to the text. To paraphrase our friend from the *Polemic*, if you don't have enough experience listening to rap and understanding rap imagery, you're just not going to get it. Better to shut up and listen than to jabber about something you obviously know nothing about.

Like any other genre, there is good rap and there is bad rap. Since rap is so popular much of it is churned out to make a quick buck. It is a complex art form where musical samples and the text interact to produce meaning. Every rap song is not a work of art. But rap is capable of expressing truths and renders them accessible to its listeners in a unique and meaningful way. To dismiss rap as a degenerative aberration of popular music would be myopic and self-serving. 70 years ago, concerned citizens said the same thing about jazz. Some people are bound to be closed minded about new things.

This still doesn't explain why people who dislike rap dislike it so adamantly. Race may be a factor, but ultimately it boils down to ignorance of this new art form and how it functions to create meaning. People are quick to criticize what they don't understand. Could it be that the guardians of culture are uncomfortable with a musical and literary form that entertains, educates and enables a disenfranchised minority to openly defy the power structure?

Not every rap song makes a profound political, philosophical, or personal statement. Not every rap song uses language in a unique way. The importance of rap is that it is another form of American music pushes the boundaries of music and poetry. It is the only popular music form whose focus is the text. It is a truly legitimate art form. You don't have to like it, and you don't have to listen to it. But it should not be cast aside as a degenerative form of music any longer. @

on the town CONTINUED FROM PG 8...

fellow as loaded as we were before accepting his invitation to view his band in the bar which I unknowingly had just relieved myself upon. The three of us finished a number of beers before we descended the steps to the below-ground night life establishment called the Pool Bar. This small dive was virtually empty except for a pool table, small stage, and a handful of drunk regulars. My associate and I then realized we had been there two nights earlier and seen Day for Night (Richmond) and The Mockers (Norfolk). We grabbed some beers and Julius then introduced us to his entourage. my associate immediately grew fond of the fair-skinned, blue-eyed blonde who we believe was their manager. She didn't speak English, but she continued to buy my friend beer so he stuck around and gazed in awe at her pure, North Atlantic beauty. The band soon arrived and began to assemble their equipment. Our new friend Julius left us to perform with his band while my comrade attempted to transcend the language barrier with the blonde Icelandic beauty. The band soon commenced their performance and I then realized their fondness for capes and platform shoes.

CONTINUED MORE ON PG 19...

BIZARRE RIDE II

THE PHARCYDE

REVIEWED BY: Steve Nelson

"Bizarre Ride II" is the debut album from a band that's "got more flavor than 7-Eleven Slurpees," or four hip-hop jokesters from L.A. who call themselves **the Pharcyde**. They create an unoriginal hip hop hybrid: mixing the look and eclectic mixing style of De La Soul with the bratty attitudes of Black Sheep, but still managing to pump out some fresh, original and completely infectious beats that hook you after a few spins. The perversely brilliant crank phone call in "4 Better Or 4 Worse" is itself worth the price of the cd. Likewise, the camp and silliness of tracks like "If I Were President" and "Quinton's On His Way" are a welcome change from the bad-ass posturing of gangsta rap. But the real winners on this album are the high-powered funkiness of "Soul Flower" (their remix of the version featured on the Brand New Heavies' "Heavy Rhyme Experience" and "Return of the B-Boy.")

The Problem with the Pharcyde is whether and at what point, to take them seriously. Do they really believe that little kids should be smoking fat blunts like they illustrate in "Pack the Pipe"? And are the string of mother jokes on the album's single, "Ya MaMa," a parody or just another element of their goofiness? It's hard to tell, but the ride, bizarre as it may be, is enormous fun. The Pharcyde appear to have given us the year's best hip-hop album so far; watch for them in the future.

CONTINUED From Pg 17 : Rocky does Gotham..

Being from the South, I showed my appreciation for this mediocre performance by hollering (I could never clap with a beer in one hand). Apparently the band's lead singer, who looked vaguely like Robert Plant in 1971, was not accustomed to vocal displays of admiration and proceeded to berate me for applauding his band. "Shaht ahp!" he said in his broken English, "We play and you hear." I was half drunk and now insulted, and had it not been for my friend's attempts to further trans Atlantic relations with the blonde, I would have thrown something at the guy.

I realized that there was indeed a language barrier, yet in my heart I knew that rock'n'roll was the international language of brotherhood and good times everywhere; therefore I bit my tongue and decided to clap instead. The performance was pretty awful, yet these bohemians from the north definitely had the look -- homemade, not vintage, yet still really trippy, man. In retrospect, I now think that their performance may have suffered from the poor equipment which they procured in Iceland and brought with them to America. We discussed this and it dawned on me that I was fortunate to have the fine Japanese-manufactured products which I owned, so I kept drinking to endure the entire set.

The band concluded their set and I noticed no one dared shout after the berating treatment which I suffered at the hands of this misplaced musical megalith. I think his name was Thor or something Nordic like that. My companion and I conversed with the band briefly and soon found ourselves accompanying the band to the American Rock Headquarters. Somehow we got conned into helping the band carry their equipment back to their hotel, for obviously they lacked any transportation here in NYC like everybody else. 'I was surprised, however, to find myself and my comrade parading up South Broadway with eight hippies carrying drums, guitars, and amplifiers. All I knew was that I was drunk, I was carrying a cymbal stand and a snare drum, and I was following a tribe of Icelanders dressed like the Partridge family. Furthermore, I began to think that this was all in vain, save for my friend's attempt to further international relations with our Arctic cousins. I'm sure that our group didn't look suspicious or anything, yet I still felt conspicuous even though I was the most conservative of the bunch. We walked ten blocks to the hotel which Deep Jimi and the Zep Creams had made their American castle. To mince words, the hotel can best be described as a typical New York monthly hotel: dark, high ceiling, dirty -- if you've ever seen **Sid and Nancy: the Movie**, you'll understand what I mean (sometimes a video analogy helps the kids visualize, dig it). We got to their pad. My accomplice and I purchased some beer downstairs (remember, in the big city you can buy the shit all night), and we then proceeded to "hang out" with the band.

standing (my sister)

she is named Phoebe.

she likes drum beats and rock
and roll.

Take her pulse --

and yearn to discover

what makes her earth

quake beneath her solid legs. You

Desire to show her

the hard ground

and the essential joy of skating

on melting ice.

Teach her the beauty

of a trembling scrawl

black

on white paper --

and wish you could

know her

well.

AC

LOW WATTAGE HIGH VOLTAGE

Turn me on,

I hum, I purr.

I'm calling you.

Can you hear me?

I explode, I fly, I flash.

Louder now,

Are you really listening?

Touch me, talk to me, taste me.

Turn me off,

I flicker, I wane, I die.

-JAMIE WASSERMAN

MOSHING

Grounded in docile dormancy,

I idly withstand my brain's hurried stair-pounding
until I feel a rush of encouragement in my gut.

Pulling my restrictive strings through the palpitating, sweaty ocean
through walls of fierce, animal studded glory

and past overpowering airs of enticing sexuality,
I stand before the grounded waves
and "sound my barbaric yalp,"

hurling my plaid-clad, clay feet body
into the suckling arms of the huddled masses
yearning to bleed.

I ride their fevered passions

till I am relinquished from my heavenly state

and cast into the sticky beer, sweat, ash filled floor
only to rise, fly, and fall again.

- JAMIE WASSERMAN

February Morning

Dressing by solitary lamp,

my father, in shadow,

gropes blindly for his things:

1 union suit (threadbare red cotton)

1 pair grey wool socks

1 lined flannel jacket (last year it would
have been a jacket.)

a pair of faded Levi's

and the incongruous dress shoes.

He always wore dress shoes,

my father.

Even when the snow melted,

creating pond sized puddles

in the machine yard.

Nicki Hutnick

WMWC's psychic HOTLINE

I'VE LOST MY
NIRVANA CD
& I DON'T KNOW
WHERE TO LOOK!



WILL I
GET A BETTER
SLOT NEXT
SEMESTER?



MY CLOCK-RADIO
IS POSSESSED
BY DEMONS!
WHAT CAN
I DO?



WILL YOU
PLAY MY
DEMO?



HOW CAN
I BE MORE
INFORMED
AND COOL?



WILL WMWC
EVER GO
FM?



**ANSWER
THOSE
BURNING
QUESTIONS**

OPERATORS ARE
STANDING BY!!!

X4035

CALL NOW

ROCKY'S ADVENTURES W/ DEEP JIMI & THE ZEP CREAMS

The lead singer was this blonde dude who had medium length hair and many hippie medallions. He also had the largest ego and spoke the worst English. We learned that the band was on a four month Visa and had been here two months. Then we heard the shocking truth: Thor the singer pronounced (and received the support of his bandmates) that their band was expecting to take America by storm with their music. Seriously.

At first I was impressed by their enthusiasm, for I reasoned that to get a bunch of bucks and get to the U.S. with a bunch of gear and some girlfriends probably required some dedication, faith and an overall bad-ass attitude. Yet as the minutes elapsed I realized that these cats really believed that they would in fact be the next Beatles, Rolling Stones, or Sugarcubes. They know how to play their instruments, yet lacked the talent that even years of practice couldn't compensate for. Initially, after listening to the band's sincere and almost convincing argument that they would be as big as The Who, Pink Floyd, etc., my associate and I tried to tell them as gently as possible that this could never be in America, at least as they envisioned. My companion, who had himself pursued a career in music, attempted to explain the best-possible plan of action; suggesting that they contact management agencies, construct a press package, play benefit concerts, etc. Our attempts at peaceful persuasion met with harsh conflict. "No. We not need that," said their singer and leader. "We be big stars. I began to question if they were communists. Even our pal Julius became confrontational in defense of his hippie leader. At first we were lightly entertained by their now aggressive attitude, especially in light of the fact that they sucked, yet our patience wore thin and we found ourselves in an argument with D.J. & the Z.C.'s. We had the advantage because our English was better.

THEM: We be big rock stars in two months.

US: It doesn't work that way. Someone will kick you out in two months.

We argued for awhile, only because my comrade and I sincerely wanted to cushion the impact of the hard streets of America and the music industry.

CONTINUED FURTHER ON PG 25!

← the bone-chilling conclusion →

Puba Falls Off

by : FRITZEL MARK

Brand Nubian is really good. Their album is much better than former member Grand Puba's. In my opinion, Puba, with his latest album "Reel to Reel", has crossed over to the Top \$40\$ audience and is now really lame. While some of the songs on Puba's latests album are catchy, his rhimes have gotten stagnant, and the production has been thin. It seems like he has decided he likes the boyish voice too much to bother constructing any interesting rhyme patterns. Brand Nubian, on the other hand, with the loss of Puba, have gotten that much more funky, with powerful beats and samples, and Black Nationalist songs like "The Meaning of the 5%", "Allah U Akbar", and "Black Star Line." Other songs like "Steal Ya' Ho", "The Godz", and "Punks Jump Up to Get Beat Down" are just strong hip-hop. In the meantime, Puba is singing duets with pop singer Mary J. Blige. It's like Puba has taken his money from Brand Nubian's first album, the hip-hop classic "One For All", and moved to the suburbs, while the rest of the crew stayed hardcore in the ghetto. Their album, "In God We Trust" has a burning one dollar bill on the cover, while if Puba was still with the group, he'd probably be trying to put out the flames.

We stayed there for awhile after the controversy arose, yet there clearly was tension, which we all felt. My ally and I attempted to appease the situation by changing the subject, but obviously we had little in common with these Icelanders. We decided to exit, but before we did we gave them the address of WMWC just in case they were in the area or ended up being the next Genesis or whatever. As we descended the elevator, my associate and I laughed off our encounter, never expecting to see or hear of D.J. and the Z.C.'s, and looked forward to the next day. As it was now 4 a.m. we decided it best to hail a cab rather than walk the 100 or so blocks back to our headquarters. We then considered this an isolated incident. Yet the planet proved to be smaller than we assumed.

My father lives in Chicago, so I do my best to visit once annually on his birthday. I spend my days hitting the streets of the neighborhoods north of downtown -- an area similar to Greenwich Village -- ethnic food, spiritual shops with crystals, and a lot of quality record stores. I was digging through the used CD's in one store and was almost ready to leave when I decided to dig through a section of promotional CD singles. I was quite astounded, yet mildly impressed to find a 3 or 4 song release by our previous Icelandic acquaintances. Of course I intended to purchase this recording for a mere \$3, yet at this point in the day, I had blown all my money except enough to take the bus back. I promised myself to buy their disc if I ever returned to this store, but I eventually overlooked this acquisition. But I saw it -- it was there.

Sometime in late 1992 I saw a used copy of a sampler from a rock magazine in the cheap CD section of a pawn shop. You've seen these things -- discs you keep in your collection even though they suck and you never listen to them and they just take up space. A song by D.J. and the Z.C.'s was on this sampler. I was intrigued, but not particularly impressed because most of the time bands pay the magazines to package and release their material.

After Christmas break I returned to school and began to sort through the massive amounts of junk mail that had accumulated at the station over the past 4 weeks. I was looking at the upcoming releases section of the CMJ when the greatest shock of all occurred. At the bottom of the page was their name. As the subsequent issues arrived, they moved up the list as the release date grew nearer. I began to check the mail to see if WMWC would be one of the fortunate few to receive the first release by D.J. and the Z.C.'s. We were.

The album, **Funky Dinosaur**, by Deep Jimi and the Zep Creams is on East West records, a corporate subsidiary. I was even more surprised to find that their producer was Kramer, the musical innovator responsible for Bongwater. I have yet to listen to this recording, for I have previous biases that may affect my objectivity. I do encourage all dj's to do so. I have my own memories of Julius, Thor, and the rest of the Icelandic rockers and I want you to have your own as well. Enjoy. I tried to.

*** MR. DIAZ IS WMWC's business
director.***

New releases!

Pavement : Westing (Single Collection)
 Led Zeppelin: Boxed Set²
 Arrested Development: Unplugged
 Diana Ross: Lady Sings Jazz & Blues
 P.M. Dawn: The Bliss Album
 Camper Van Beethoven: Camper Vaniques
 Iron Maiden: A Real Live One
 Monie Love: In A Word or 2
 Ric Ocasek: Negative Theater
 Depeche Mode: Songs of Faith and Devotion
 Velocity Girl: Copacetic
 Cyndi Lauper: Hat Full of Stars
 L.L. Cool J: 14 Shots To The Dome
 Luna²: Slide e.p.
 Beat Nuts: Us Three
 Tool: Undertow
 David Bowie: Black Tie White Noise
 Masta Ace: Slaughta House
 Funkdoobiest: which Doobie U.B.?
 Midnight Oil: Earth & Moon & Sun
 World Party: Bang
 Aerosmith: Get A Grip

the WMNC top eight. the top 8 shapes

8. trapezoid
7. fish
6. star
5. rectangle
4. boot
3. circle
2. heart
1. rhombus

